D-CUP

VOLUME 5 NUMBER 4

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AN EROS COLDSTRIPE PUBLICATION

BOLD AND BIG
PINK POINTERS
SUN RIPE MELONS
FIRM AND FLESHY

D-CUP

VOLUME 5 NUMBER 4 FALL, 1974

CONTENTS

SUN RIPE MELONS
Foto-feature 4

BOLD AND BIG
Foto-feature 10

THE HUGE-BUSTED CHAPERONE
Illustrated Fiction 15

TEAT TO TEAT TREAT
Foto-feature 23

PERFECT PILLOWS
Foto-feature 31

FIRM AND FLESHY
Foto-feature 39

PINK POINTERS
Foto-feature 48

MOIST MOUNDS
Foto-feature 56

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EDITORIAL

Large, shapely, exotic, different, brown, white and pink -- they come in every variety imaginable to the mind, and in D-CUP, we get the very best examples of each particular type, strip it bare, and shoot it in color and black and white, and then we paste it up and ship it out to the local store where the loyal congregate with baited breath, waiting to get their hands and eyes on this issue's new crop of big boobed mommas. That's right, D-CUP didn't get its international reputation as THE magazine for the tit man by trying to pass off shoddy art work, inferior models and jive stories to the discriminating tit man. No way. The tit man knows quality, and the tit man reads D-CUP, because he knows that only in D-CUP will he find exactly what he wants -- *tits* -- big, swaying, dripping, squeezable jugs of female heat, ready and quite willing to be palmed, sucked, licked and fondled by the appreciative lover of the female lump. That's it in a nut shell -- TITS are our only business.

SUN RIPE MELONS

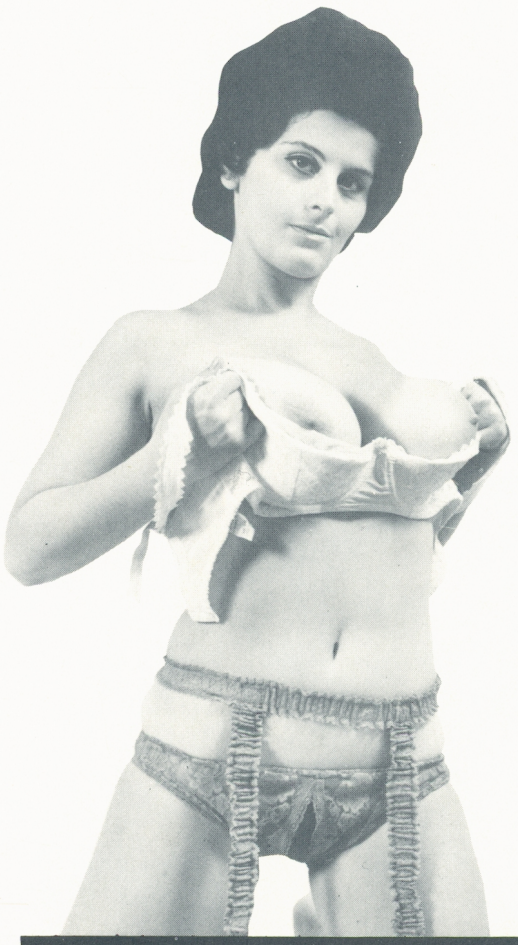
What brings joy to Lydia, our well-endowed lady friend, is the same thing that brings joy to her many male admirers. Yes, common tastes on a common ground bring together those kindred spirits. And what is the mystical catalyst, the substance that makes Lydia shine in the eye of her flesh hungry friends? Tits, yes, big, sun ripe melons of semi-moist meat, hanging from her tanned and torturously smooth, tight chest. Lydia has a fine set, and as her friends know, they are a lot of fun.

"I like to think of my melons as my personal, individual calling cards, standing out proudly and announcing to the world that, indeed, I'm ripe and ready for some frank, ferocious fondling!" That's the spirit, Lydia, dear. Come right out with it -- you love to have an appreciative gent give those jugs a full bore going over with his well tuned feelers. If the gent doesn't happen to be conveniently in the neighborhood, why you're willing to do the pleasant task yourself.

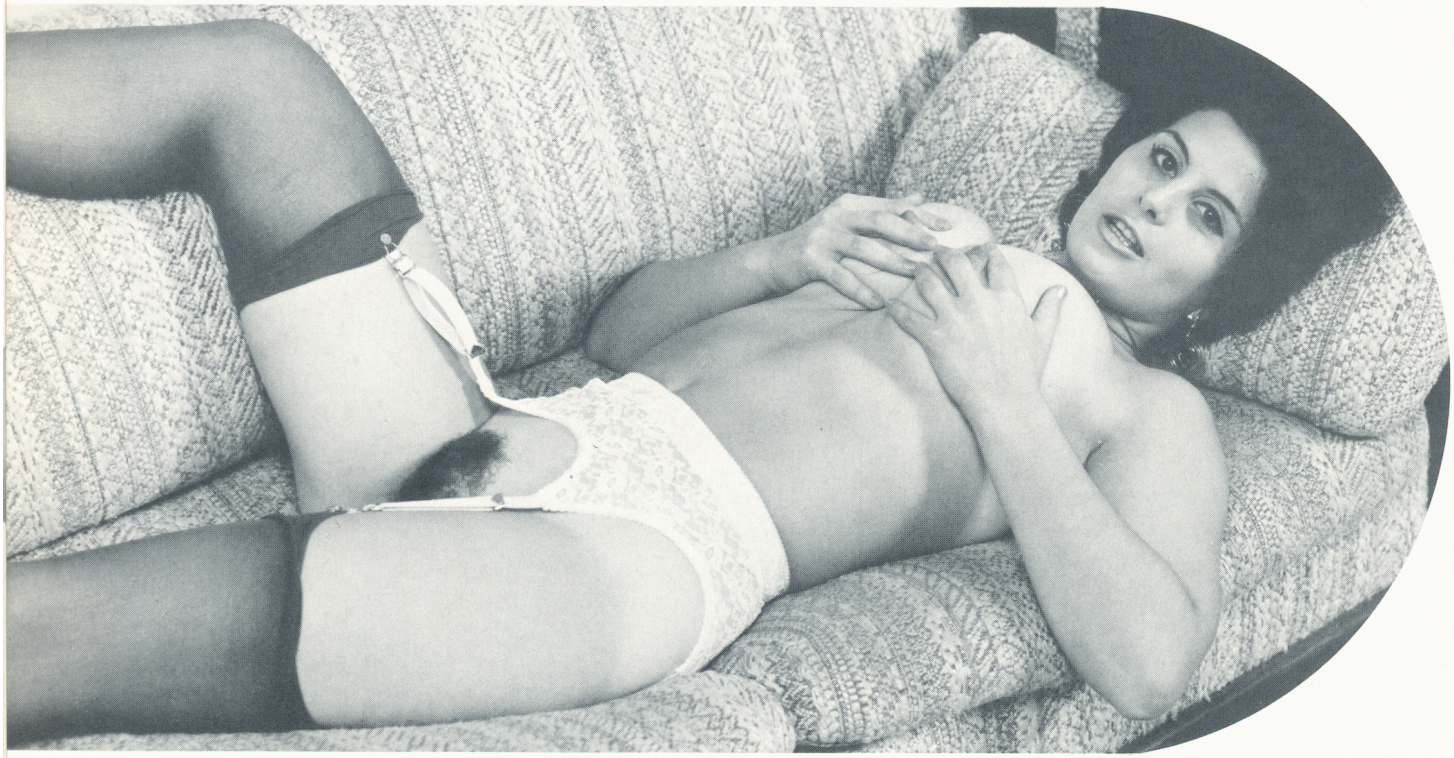
It is apparent that Lydia has the size, weight, heft, diameter, and texture that drive the tit-man to the extremes of excitement, envy and praise, but our lady of the browned boobs has her own special quality which sets her set far above and beyond those of the other well-endowed lovelies who sprawl upon the local beaches, airing out their fabulous fronts. Lydia has that deep tan, that sun rippened look which spells out to the tit-man that here is a gal who spends a great deal of time joyously topless, baring her bold breastmeat to the soothing rays of old Sol, our friend in the elliptical orbit about the center of the galaxy. Old Sol has polished and burnished Lydia's pontoons to the perfect brown succulent nubbins they are.

Once again in the cool of the house, Lydia shows the smile of intense satisfaction that a pair of large, mellow globes can bring to their proud owner. Such comfort, such man-eating potential in her shimmering pair of globes! Indeed, our Lydia is a contented creature!

BOLD AND BIG



Brenda is typical of the big-busted beauties in today's society -- she's big, and she's proud, and every single opportunity that comes along for her to flaunt her shape and size is grabbed by the aggressive lady and exploited to the full. Notice Brenda's use of the extra-lift technique with her bra. This babe isn't fooling around. She wants you to see what's underneath that tight sweater, and she wants you to sweat in anticipation of wrapping your fingers and teeth around her fleshy faucets. The push-up bra is just the thing for this kind of up front action -- it brings out the tiger in the male, and it helps Brenda too -- you see, it pushes those sensitive tips out against the scratchy fabrics she favors, giving our girl the constant throb that she needs.



When there's no bold stud about to help her, Brenda unabashedly mashes her mounds with her own skilled digits, twisting those tips furiously and boldly in a style that gets right to the heart of the matter. Bold, and big!

THE HUGE-BUSTED CHAPERONE

Harold looked at her, looked away, then his head snapped back in a violent double take. She was one of the chaperones at the junior prom that he was attending; a tall, incredibly beautiful brunette, the proud possessor of the most outlandishly huge bust that the youngster had laid eyes on in all of his sixteen years.

Harold had never seen her before, but he knew immediately who she was. "Wait till ya see the tits on old lady Carson," his closest friend Fred Warner had said to him the day before as they had a game of catch. "They're worth the price of the dance alone."

Harold had a fetish for big breasts, had since the night he had seen his Aunt Matilda walking to the bathroom, her massive jugs bouncing crazily about on her ribcage, her big, saucy nipples pointing upwards at a forty five degree angle. Unfortunately none of the girls at Highland Park High had a pair half the size of his aunt Matilda's, so he had to be satisfied with Ruth Morlock, his steady girl, who's bra size was a paltry 35, and at that the largest in the school.

"HAROLD, why are you staring at Mrs. Carlson so lecherously?" Ruth snapped, angrily stamping her feet. "You act as though you've never seen an elderly lady with a big bust before."

"ELDERLY!" Harold cried in disbelief. "She probably isn't even in her forties yet."

"Well she's elderly to us ... I'm going to the girl's room," Ruth snorted contemptuously as she stamped away, her head held upwards disdainfully.

Harold knew that he had to work swiftly, Ruth wasn't one of those girls that linger in the girl's room. He almost ran to the table where Mrs. Carlson was busily scooping out punch. The awesome-busted woman's gown was a simple one, a satin sheath held up by pencil-thin straps, straps that he figured had to be reinforced with wire to hold up such a massive load. The bodice was cut, embarrassingly low, and the slight movement of her arms as she dished out the punch caused the enormous globes to jiggle and quiver like two great bowls of half-set Jello.

"Would you like some punch, child?" she asked in a deep, throaty voice, her lovely black eyes wandering over Harold's short, stockily built body.

"Yes, please ... thank you, ma'am," Harold stammered as he accepted the filled cup she offered him, his hand shaking so much that he spilled punch all over his trousers.

"Oh my goodness, child, we'll have to clean that up," she giggled as she picked up a tray of hors d'oeuvres and offered them to him. "But first wouldn't you like to pick something out?"

Harold felt like replying, "I'd like to pick those big tits of yours out of your dress." But said instead, "No thank you, Ma'am."

"That punch will stain, come with me out into the hall to the drinking fountain, I'll have to wet it," she said matter-of-factly after he had finished his punch, all the while his eyes buried in the deepest cleavage he had ever seen.

They walked out in the hall, Harold unable to tear his eyes from Mrs. Carson's twin-fifties, half again the size of his aunt Matilda's, as they swung ponderously from side to side within her skin-tight gown, so huge in fact that he expected the seams to split from the awesome load.

They stopped by a drinking fountain. The raven haired beauty took an exotically perfumed handkerchief out of her purse and wet it. When she

sought out the stain, she was stupified to find a monsterous protrusion in his tight trousers, directly beneath the stain. Pressing a kid gloved forefinger into the dampened handkerchief, she in turn pressed it delicately over the spot, to her amazement finding the flesh beneath as hard as a marble top table. It grew even harder and much more active as she rubbed the handkerchief back and forth, back and forth, even after the light stain had disappeared.

"Y-You . . . you're terribly big for such a little boy," the opulent-busted Mrs. Carlson whispered excitedly, the handkerchief discarded on the floor, all pretenses gone now as she took his mighty boyhood between her eager fingers and stroked it into even larger erection.

Suddenly a boy and girl turned the corner and headed for the water fountain.

"Dance with me . . . ple-e-ease," Mrs. Carlson pleaded as she straightened up and led him away.

"I . . . I'd like to, Ma'am, but my date's in there," he stammered, still unable to believe what had just happened to him, or that such an unbelievable creature could be interested in him.

"Oh she won't mind, the chaperones dance with the children all the time," she hissed, her lovely black eyes flicking down at his still swollen boyhood. "After all I did rub your . . . your trousers for you, didn't I?"

Fortunately when they returned to the dance Ruth wasn't back from the girl's room yet. It had been the most sensational thing that had ever happened to him, but it had all happened in a very brief space of time, so short in fact that he found himself wondering if it had ever happened at all.

His doubts were dispelled when they stepped onto the dance floor and she melted into his arms. It was rather awkward dancing with her because her breasts were so gigantic, thrusting so far out from her ribcage that their tips were the only point of contact, feeling like hot pokers as they scorched through his suit coat.

They were in a jam of dancers, and suddenly Harold felt her hand once again on the tent pole in his trousers, curling around it and tightening as they danced. The tune changed to one with a much faster tempo, and as they bounced around, the youngster couldn't believe the fantastic action of her elephantine breasts, the way they leaped and tossed about in the flimsy confines of her black satin evening gown like two great animals seeking escape.

"On the second floor . . . there's a faculty lady's room, the door can be locked from the inside . . . come join me there in five minutes." She slipped from his arms and was gone.

Like an after shock, the moment she left Harold began to tremble all over, his knees actually knocking together as he staggered through the dancers and came upon Ruth.

"What in the world has happened to you? You're as white as a sheet and you're perspiring as though you've just left a steam bath," she said icily, still angry over the way he had stared at Mrs. Carlson's huge boobs, although she was forced to admit that all the other boys in the room had been doing the exact same thing.

"I . . . I don't feel very well," he said weakly. "I think that I'd better go to the boy's room."

"You'll do no such thing," she snapped. "I came here to dance and you haven't danced with me yet."

"Y-You went to the girl's room, why can't I go to the boy's room?"

"Oh all right . . . GO then!"

Harold was just barely able to climb the stairs to the second floor. He was actually frightened. He'd never had a female before, didn't have the slightest idea as to what to do with one, much less to the most ravishing creature in the whole world, he was sure.

He stood before the bathroom door for a moment, fear drawing him away, desire drawing him inside. Desire won out as he knocked on the door, then slid it open. He almost collapsed on the floor when he saw the copiously upholstered Mrs. Carlson seated high on the lone sink in the little room. It was the most provocative thing that he had ever seen. Her satin gown was off, draped over a toilet

door. Her enormous, watermelon-like breasts were bare, overlapping a goodly portion of a highly polished black leather corset that held her diaphram and waist in its vice-like grip. The exotic corset and a welter of slender black garter straps that were attached to her tautly stretched gossamer black nylons with shining jemmed clips, deliciously framed her massive curly black nest of passion.

"Don't look so alarmed, I just thought that I'd make things easier for you, babykins," she purred, her carmine-laden lips curling into a ravishing smile as she beckoned him with a kid-sheathed forefinger, sensuously snapping a garter strap into the soft white meat of her thigh with her other hand.

The sight of all that incredible pulchritude strapped into the bursting point with her black unmentionables, and little Harold's fear took wings. He stepped forward with both hands outstretched, eager to handle her awesome bust, but she stopped him by pressing a deliciously scented leather-clad hand against his face, letting him drink in the powerful aphrodisiac aroma of a heady French perfume blended with the gamy aroma of leather.

"Wait, precious, I want you to handle them just as much as you do, but first I'd like you to do something for me," she whispered as she opened the purse that sat beside her on the sink and took out two short lengths of strong cord, and some lengths of silver chain attached to iron manacles.

"W-Why bother with them things?" he asked in disbelief as she handed everything to him.

"Oh it's something that's gone on down through the ages, it would take eons to explain it to you," she sighed. "Just please do what I ask and I promise you that you won't be sorry."

"A-Alright."

"First kneel down and wrap a chain around the drain pipe, then clamp the irons on my ankles."

"B-But you won't be able to move."

"That's the general idea, my boy," she sighed, "It just makes things more exciting for me, that's all."

Incredulous, Harold followed her bidding, then clamped her wrists as she held them together for him.

"Thanks, sweety, now take one of the pieces of string and make a slip knot in one end, then slip it over one of my nipples." Now that the moment that she had been awaiting had finally arrived, that moment when searing pain would rip through her vitals, the awesome-busted Mrs. Carlson was seething with excitement, her monumental teats rising and falling with an increase in her breathing.

"Ah yes-s-s," she hissed as Harold slid the slip knot over one of her nipples and drew upwards vigorously, the thin string cutting into the turgid nipple and cutting off its blood supply, swelling and distending beyond belief. "Oh that's simply marvelous-s-s . . . pull it tighter, babykins!"

This wasn't the youngster's thing, he had absolutely no conception of how delicious the agonizing pains were to the incredible creature who sat on the sink before him, her tautly gloved hand now on his rigid boyhood, stroking it with great gusto through the dampened material of his trousers. He yanked upwards on the string, hoping that this would bring the moment closer when she would permit him to handle her enormous breasts.

Mrs. Carlson moaned ecstatically, releasing his boyhood and fumbling wildly for the tab to his zipper. The moment was at hand . . . but was it?

"Hey, you've been in there at least fifteen minutes; how about giving another lady a chance." Absolutely unexpected, it was the voice of one of the teachers.

Harold worked frantically, unfastening the manacles, finally setting her free.

Mrs. Carlson fumbled in her purse and handed the youth a dime, plus a white card, whispering, "Hide in one of the pay booths. Keep your feet up on the seat so that she can't see your boy's shoes, then slip out when she leaves. Phone the number you'll find on this card after school tomorrow and we'll take up where we left off."

Helen Carlson was the titular head of Highland Park's social set, and don't think there weren't many jokes made up about that. She lived with her sixty five year old husband and two daughters in a vast estate high on a bluff overlooking the town.

After Harold phoned, breathless with excitement on the following day, she no less breathless sent her daughters off on an errand that would take two or three hours. As she wriggled and wormed her over-ripe curves out of her dress in preparation for Harold's arrival, she thought about her two hang-ups. Pain she could understand, the world was filled with women who craved to mete out, or accept pain. Boys, lean, lanky boys, why did her fantasy apparatus go wild over them? Their snug-fitting jeans, their mod flared trousers, the ever-present dirty white sneakers, worn like triumphant badges of courage. It was their jam-packed crotches that intrigued her the most . . . why, why, why? All that she was certain of was that for a long time there had been a need, a desperate, driving need, and it was driving her out of her mind.

Her face was meticulously made up, her full, fruity lips painted a bright carmine, long dangly diamond earrings glittering in her raven hair, clad only in blatant black hose, long black kid gloves, whispy garter belt, skyscraper heeled pumps, and a gauzy black lace negligee doing nothing to hide the incredible ripeness of her body. Mrs. Carlson stood before her full-length mirror making absolutely certain that she had made herself as sexy as it was possible for a woman to be.

By the time Harold rang the doorbell the massive-breasted socialite was seething inside, a desperate craving for pain burning like an advanced cancer in her psyche. She permitted her sheer negligee to flow behind her as she went to the door, exposing all of her great mass of jiggling, bouncing pulchritude.

The youngster stood there, a sheepish expression on his face due to an enormous protrusion in his jeans.

"Y-You look real great, Mrs. Carlson," he managed, his eyes drinking in the great gourds of her breasts as they stood nakedly on her ribcage.

"You look real great too, child . . . come on in," she smiled, taking his great boner in a gloved hand and leading him inside by it. "My kids will be away for only a couple of hours so we'll have to move fast."

In the privacy of her bedroom, Mrs. Carlson shrugged her soft white shoulders and the negligee pooled at her stiletto-heeled feet. Bending down, her huge teats plummited floorwards, dangling to and fro as she reached under the bed and took out an enormous bullwhip with a magnificently etched silver handle.

"Use this on me, you know how I need pain first," she hissed through teeth that were knitted tight shut in anticipation of the bite of the whip. "Then I'll let you do anything you want with the breasts you love so much."

Spurred on by this delicious promise, Harold took the offered bullwhip and was about to strike her with it.

"Wait, remove all of your clothing but your shorts. I couldn't sleep all night thinking about how you'd look that way."

Harold followed her bidding with dispatch, and the socialite gasped at the sight of his gigantic boyhood curving like some great scimitar in his jockey shorts, the bulbous tip outlined clearly by the tautly-stretched cotton.

Desperate to get his eager hands on her outlandishly huge breasts, Harold let the whip uncoil behind him, then sent it screeching through the air to land with a loud, exploding crack on a huge teat that she was holding up with a leather-clad hand as a target.

"Oh yes-s-s, now the other one," she hissed, claret beginning to flow down the long upper slope of the slashed breast.

Mrs. Carlson was helpless, a slave to her demented wishes as she permitted the excited youngster to flay her soft white flesh open with the bullwhip.

Then, both equally horrified, came an interruption equally as inopportune as the one on the previous night . . . the doorbell rang.

"We won't answer," Mrs. Carlson whispered, taking his enormous boner in her hand and stroking it to keep it in a state of readiness.

However the person persisted, constantly ringing the bell for a period of minutes.

"P-Perhaps I'd better see who it is, it might be important," she whispered.

As the socialite left the room, Harold went to the bedroom door to see who it was.

He almost fell to the floor when he saw the socialite open the door to a lovely blonde woman with a shape amazingly even more sensational than hers, featuring a bust half again her size.

"Ruth, would you mind coming back in a couple of hours, I'm terribly busy," said Mrs. Carlson.

"I'll say that you've been busy you naughty girl," chastised the awesome-busted blonde, forcing her way into the room. "And here I thought that I was the only one you permitted to whip you," she added, pointing to her lacerated breasts.

"Oh allright, come on in and join the fun," Mrs. Carlson sighed.

What followed was the most delicious orgy of sex and pain that the youngster was ever to experience. After introducing her to Harold in an amaz-

ingly formal manner for a youngster clad only in jockey shorts that were stretched to the bursting point.

After manacling Ruth's wrists together, Mrs. Carlson proceeded to unveil the blonde's incredible breasts before Harold's startled eyes. She tugged a shoulder strap then a bra strap down, till a gigantic hillcock spilled out of the huge bra cup, so massive that its great weight caused it to dangle down, bouncing like a massive yo-yo on a string, yet thrusting forwards to an incredible degree, capped by a desert-plate sized aureole and thumb-sized nipple.

"I-I think that I'd like to see you two together," Mrs. Carlson moaned as Ruth's frock slithered to the floor. "As a matter of fact I KNOW that I would!"

She removed Ruth's manacles and stepped back to watch them go at it, her black eyes ablaze, her enormous bust heaving with excitement, one of those infrequent times when a vicarious thrill would be even greater for her.

Harold came up behind the towering, elephantine-busted Ruth. He slipped his hands under her tautly gloved arms and took both pendant teats in his hands, gasping as they sank from sight in the pillowing softness, flabbergasted at their great weight, she in turn reaching behind her, incredulous as she fingered the mighty boner in his jockey shorts.

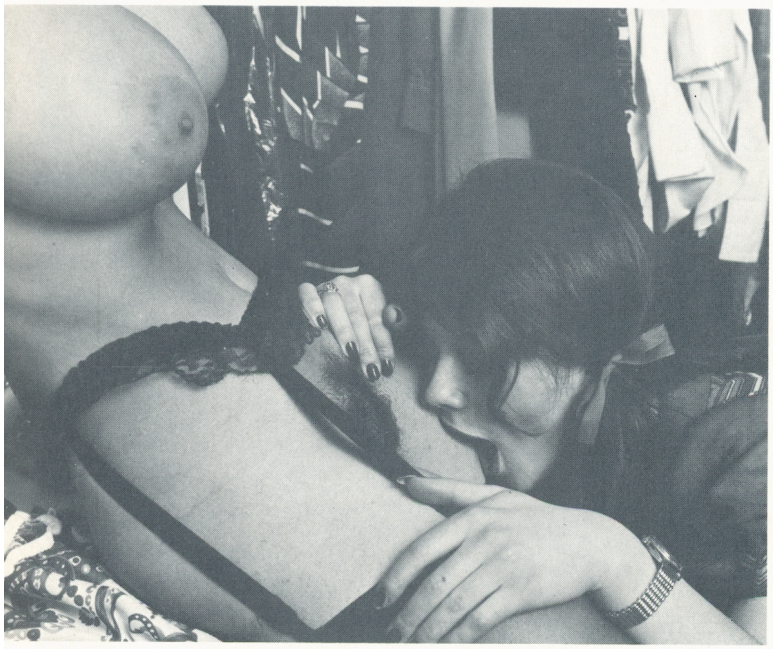
Suddenly Mrs. Carlson's feeling changed, there was a deep hatred for this blonde intruder burning inside her now. Who was she to burst into her home and draw the attentions of the youngster away from her?

Unaccustomed to playing second fiddle to anyone, she picked up the bullwhip, and with her hatred giving her great power, she flailed away at the cowering twosome with all of the strength in her strong right arm.

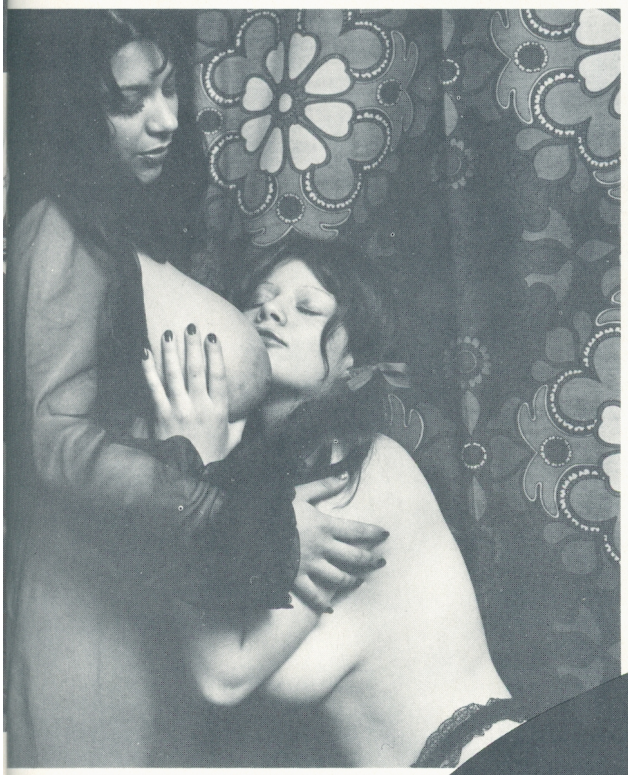
Under the threat of ripping his boyhood off with one mighty strike of the whip, she forced Harold to fetter Ruth's wrists to two ropes that hung down from rings set in the ceiling. The room reverberated with the strikes of the bullwhip, blended with her agonizing screams.

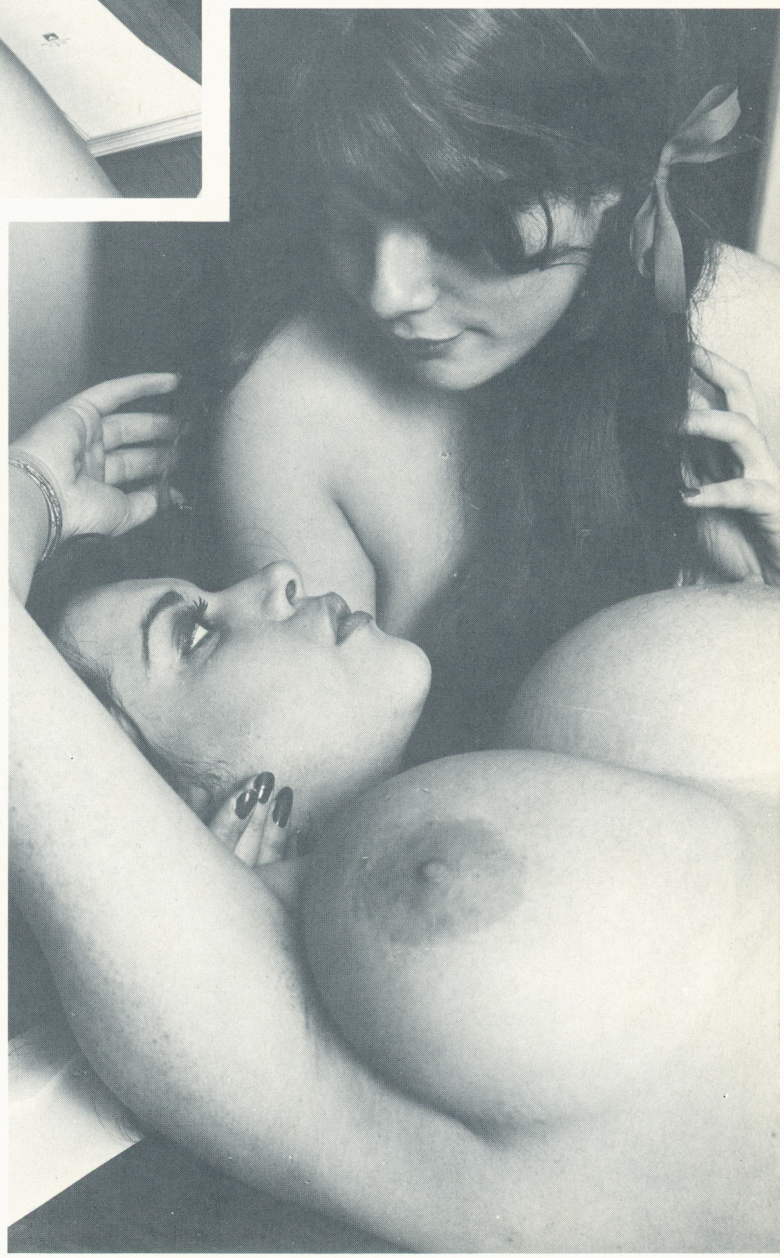
When Mrs. Carlson's arm grew so weary that she could wield the heavy whip no longer, she dropped it and gathered her great, pliable teats up in her gloved arms, her painted lips curling into a ravishing smile as she purred, "Come and get them, babykins . . . they're all yours."

TEAT TO TEAT TREAT



When two of the world's lushest chest Queens have a get together backstage at the strip palace, well you can be sure that they're out for a little teat to teat action. After all, jugs are their mainstay, their primal source of pleasure, satisfaction and male attraction, so why not indulge in a girl-to-girl grind, mashing those wondrous glands against each other till the moans of ecstasy are wrenched from betwixt pretty teeth? Yolanda, the dark and very well-endowed elder girl bares her protuberant nubs brazenly, and her younger bulging friend, Nora, reaches out . . .





To say the least, little Nora has her hands full when it comes to giving her stacked buddy the kind of treatment she needs to get those heavy rocks off. But worry not, gents, Nora is an experienced fondler of the faucet, having a prime set of glands in her own possesion, and knowing well the important refinements of technique that a big

busted beauty needs to feel those tremors of satisfaction. Soon the lusty Yolanda is swooning under Nora's tasty moves, and the two-some settle back for deep-munch action, Yolanda spreading wide to allow full access for Nora's twitching tongue. The spritely Nora has the heavy set Yolanda begging for mercy in seconds, and lusting for a little taste from her younger lover's fine set of points.

PERFECT PILLOWS

Pamela has a perfect pair of pillows -- she didn't buy them, she didn't have them made, she didn't sew them, and there's not another pair in the whole world like hers. Have you guessed where Pamela got her pillows? You better have. They're the ones that are hanging off her chest, sir, and they are definitely up for grabs. As a matter of fact, Pamela likes nothing better

than to have a friendly gent come by late at night and playfully tug on her pillows, preferably with his fingers first, then when they have been warmed up, with his lips and tongue. They're a perfect pair of pillows for playing with, in any way that strikes the imagination, and later, of course, you're invited to rest your head on them, and drift away to sleep.

FIRM AND FLESHY

Eyes right, gents -- knockers up and out, ladies -- Miss Nora is about to expose before your bleary orbs her entire fleshy, tight essence, featuring her over forty mounds. We're not talking about age, we're talking about all those all important inches, folks, in case you missed the point. Don't see how you could miss the point with lovely Nora -- her points seem to beg and scream for notice, don't they? How'd you like to spend a night on the trampoline with Nora, eh?

You can tell instantly with a babe like Nora that her heavy equipment is used daily -- that's right, this gal isn't into the all show, no go routine. Her faucets, nodes and knobs are employed in the pursuit of satisfaction action every night, as the beauty patrols the local bars and watering spots in search of a similarly endowed specimen of

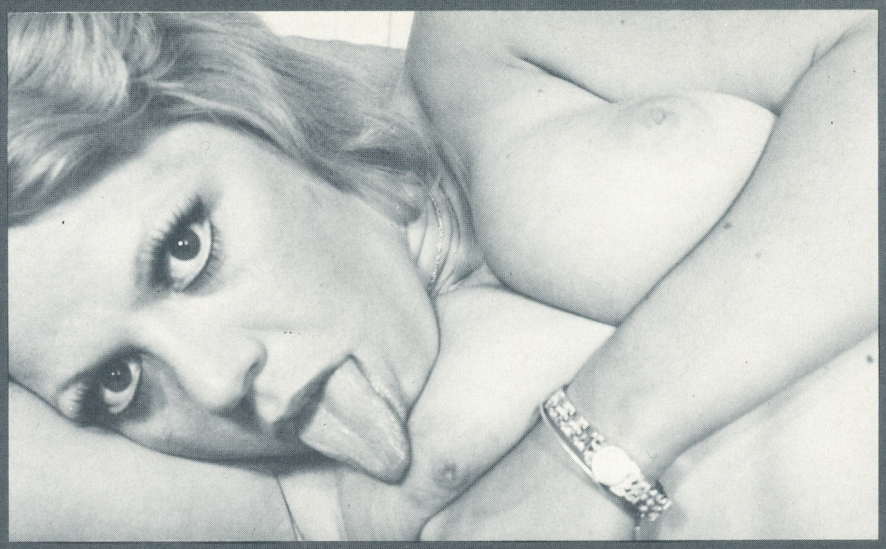
the male animal -- that's right, gents, if the lady is firm and fleshy, she wants her lad of the evening to have those young, hung qualities. After all, the lady has a right to be picky with her pair of pointers. You see, she has the choice of the herd when it comes to male companionship -- the tit beast comes out in every squire who passes her by, and Nora simply has the problem of selecting the proper gent to bless with her boobonic beauty. Lucky gent.

Geeking at Nora while she's in the midst of her daily sensualization training program should settle the reader's hash, eh? You just know that this chick would literally tear those soft eggs right off the old body once she got her skilled palm around them, right? That's right, gents, firm and fleshy, and talented in the sack.

PINK POINTERS

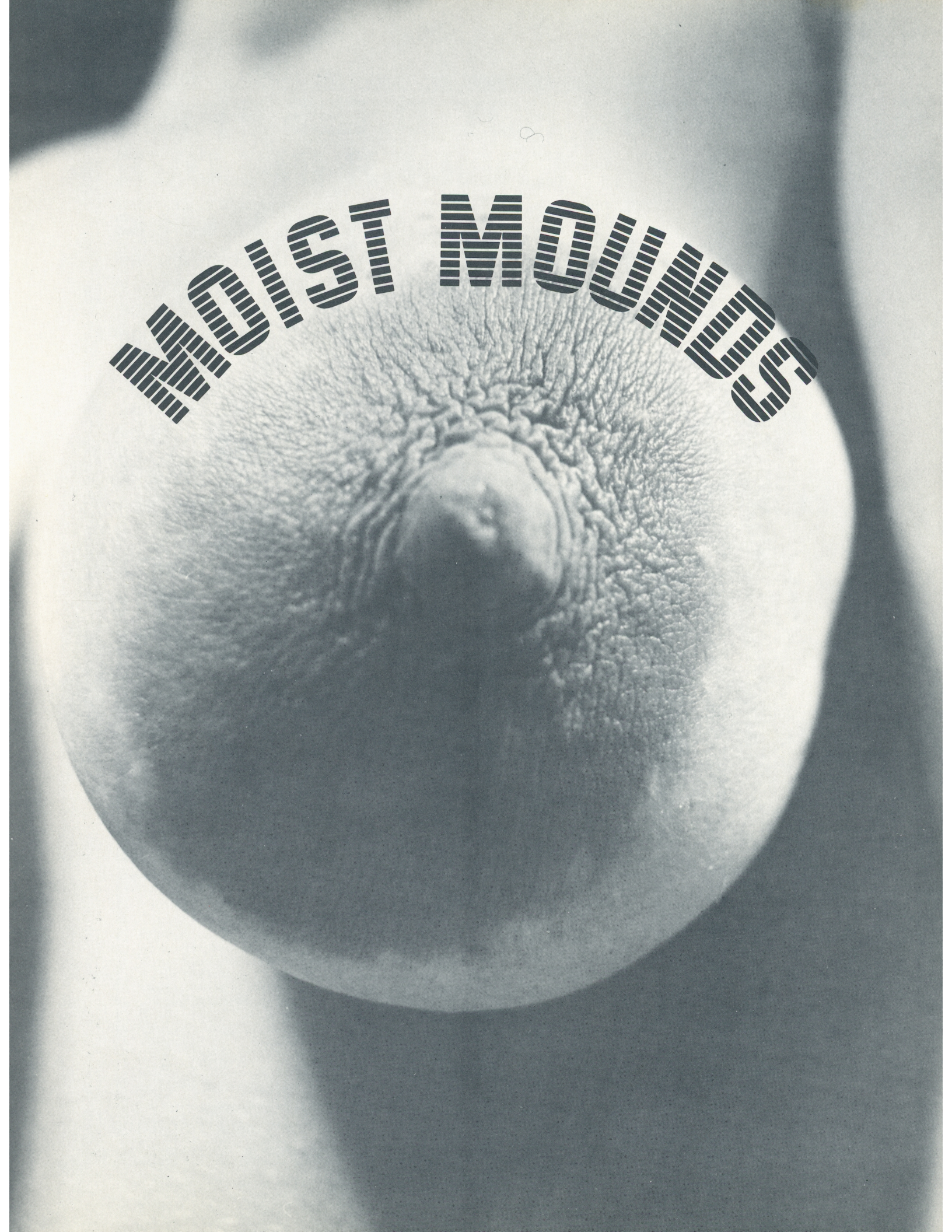
Those aren't turn signals flashing at you, stud. No way. Those are Polly's pink pointers, and the direction they're turning your head in is the right one, if it's pleasure, passion, and pinkness that are your cup of tea tonight.

Polly's wide-open mouthed attitude towards life and its opportunities can be viewed as either a boon to all of mankind, or, on another level, as a boon to the beauty herself. For us, the sweating studs whose fondest desires would be to wallow upon her pinkness, there she stands, ready, willing and more than able to thoroughly drain our glandular systems. For herself, the mob of drooling studs at her feet provide her with hours of entertainment, and an unending supply of dreamy beef to while away the nights with.



Polly's tongue-on-tip action shows us that in the area of pointer technology, the girl reigns supreme, and any lad lucky enough to pass a night with her is bound to pick us a few pointers in the art of titillation.

Polly throws in a few more poses featuring her pinching techniques, and then retires to the bathroom to polish her nodes for this evening's hot date. With a pair of moist pinkies like Polly's we can only wish the gent good luck.


FEMINIST MOVIES

We could have shown her first, but why not add a little tension to the tit worshipper's day? This is our way of showing our appreciation of the reader, giving exactly what he wants and needs -- a nice, moist dripping dessert, featuring Myrna, and her luscious, meaty glands, in full tumescence, oozing with that tasty overflow . . .

Do we hear humming from the peanut gallery? Is there a tit man out there whistling the theme song of our favorite gland? Yes, it's clear as a bell now, "Put another nipple in the nip-pleodian . . . ", and by golly, it's Myrna humming that tune! Yes, with her mouth wrapped daintily over the broad cap of one of her jugs, the pendulous beauty torches out her rendition of the titular theme song. This gal is obviously hip to the tit scene, and plainly digs it!

We could have called her the Honeydripper, or the Milky Momma, or Baby's Wet Lunch, or whatever, but Moist Mounds sounds nice, doesn't it, and it strikes up the proper note when one is speaking of a lady who fairly drips for hot tit-in-the-teeth action, eh? That's right, men, when Myrna has a stud over, it's strictly a question of suction. Oh, to be sure, there are other treats available, but face it, with a set of pendulous drippers like hers, suction is definitely what the doctor ordered. Get out the pump, stud.